



R.I.P.D.

CITY OF THE DAMNED



JEREMY BARLOW ■ PETER M. LENKOV ■ TONY PARKER



R.I.P.D.™

R.I.P.D.: CITY OF THE DAMNED
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THE END OF
ALL CREATION.

SOMETIME
NEXT WEEK.



INSIDE THE
CITY'S HEART.

SO...
ROY...

WHEN WERE
YOU PLANNING TO
TELL ME ABOUT THE
ROBOTS?

OR WERE
YOU PLANNING TO
TELL ME ABOUT
THE FRIGGIN'
ROBOTS?

AND
SPOIL THE
SURPRISE?

YOU LOVE
ROBOTS.

AT LEAST
THEY DON'T
STINK.

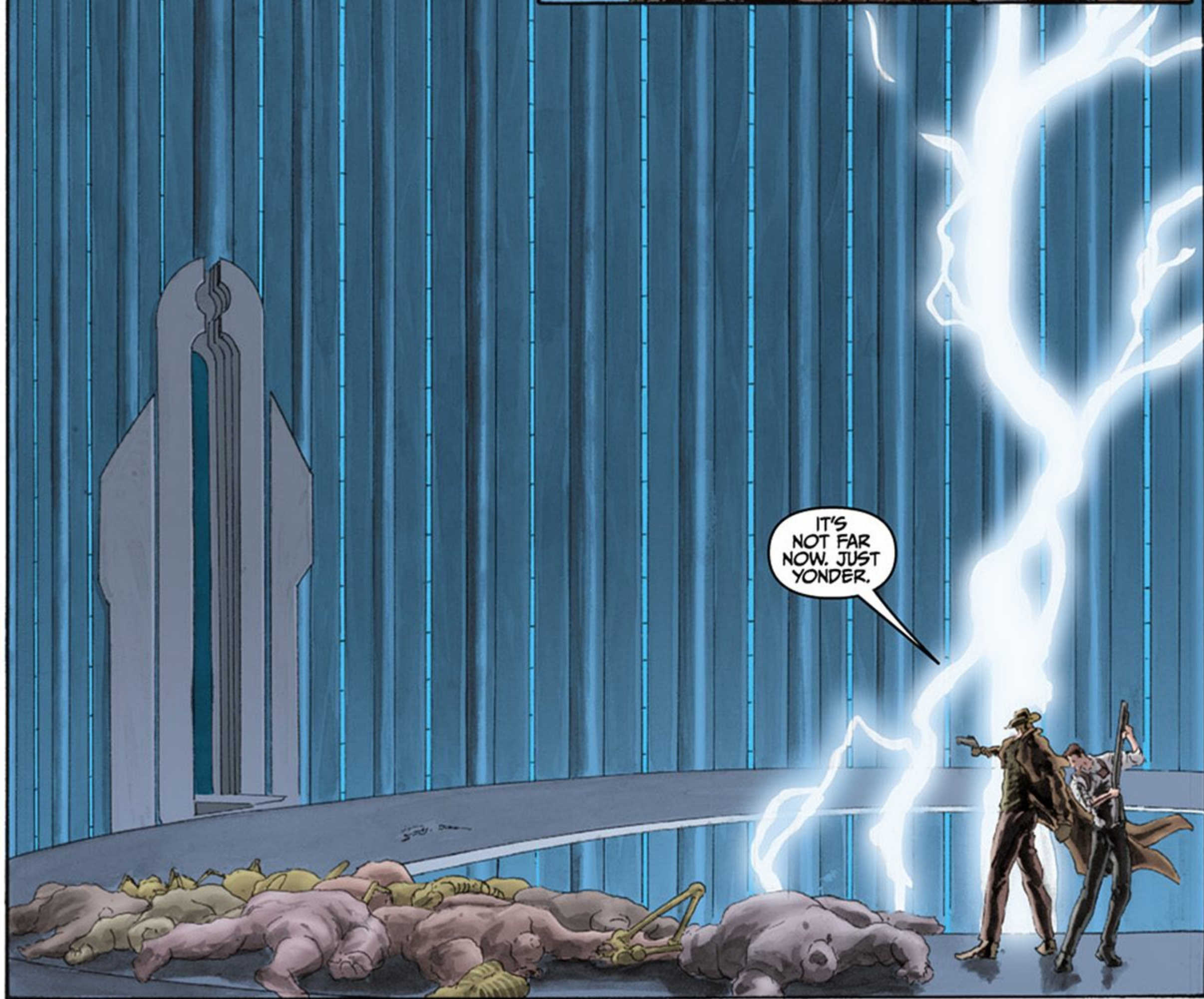


HOW MUCH AMMO YOU GOT LEFT?



DEPENDS. AFTER EVERYTHING WE JUST FOUGHT THROUGH TO GET HERE, AND NOT KNOWING HOW MUCH FARTHER WE STILL HAVE TO GO...

...I'M NOT SURE ANOTHER TRUCKLOAD OF BULLETS WOULD BE ENOUGH.

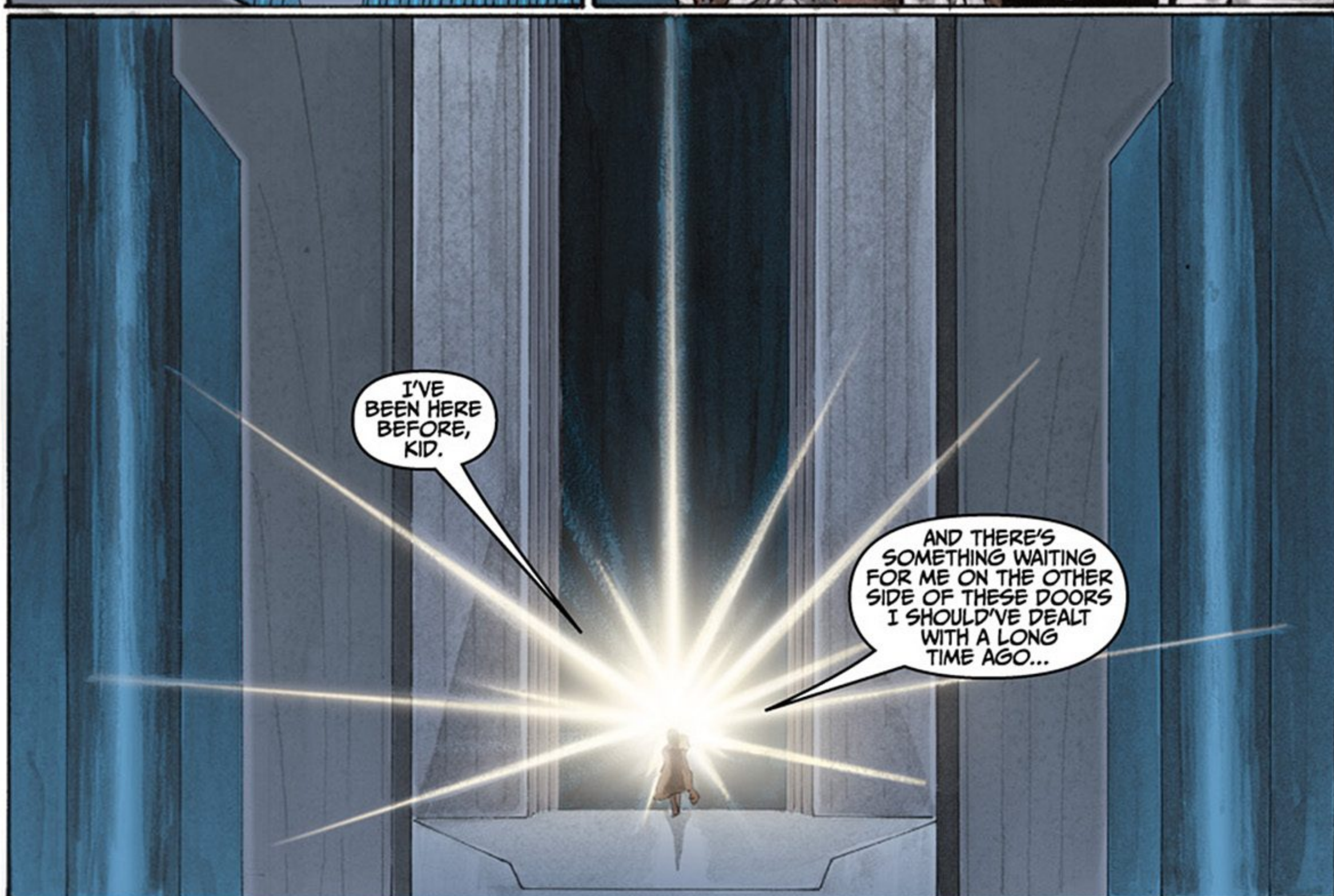


IT'S NOT FAR NOW. JUST YONDER.

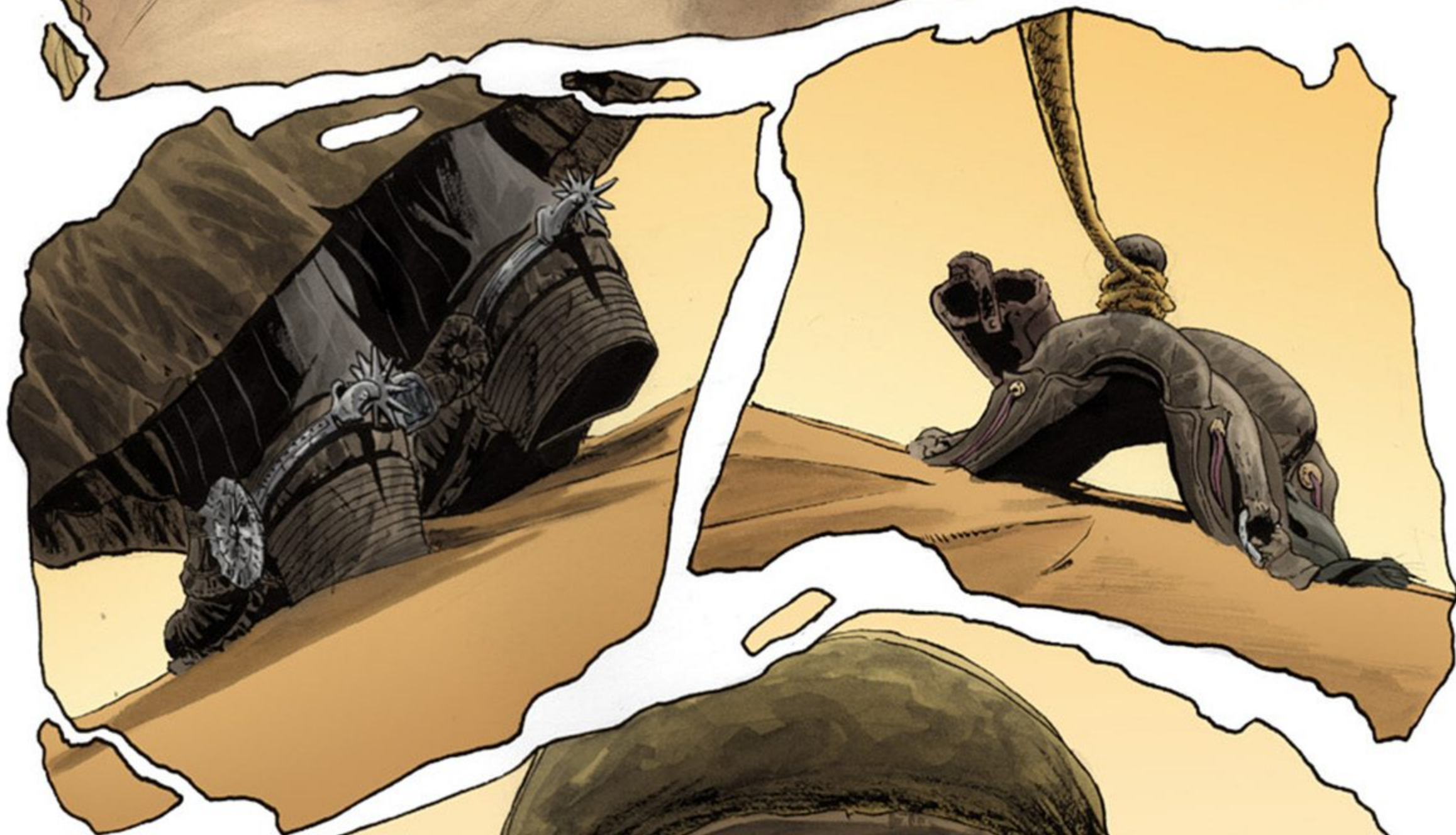


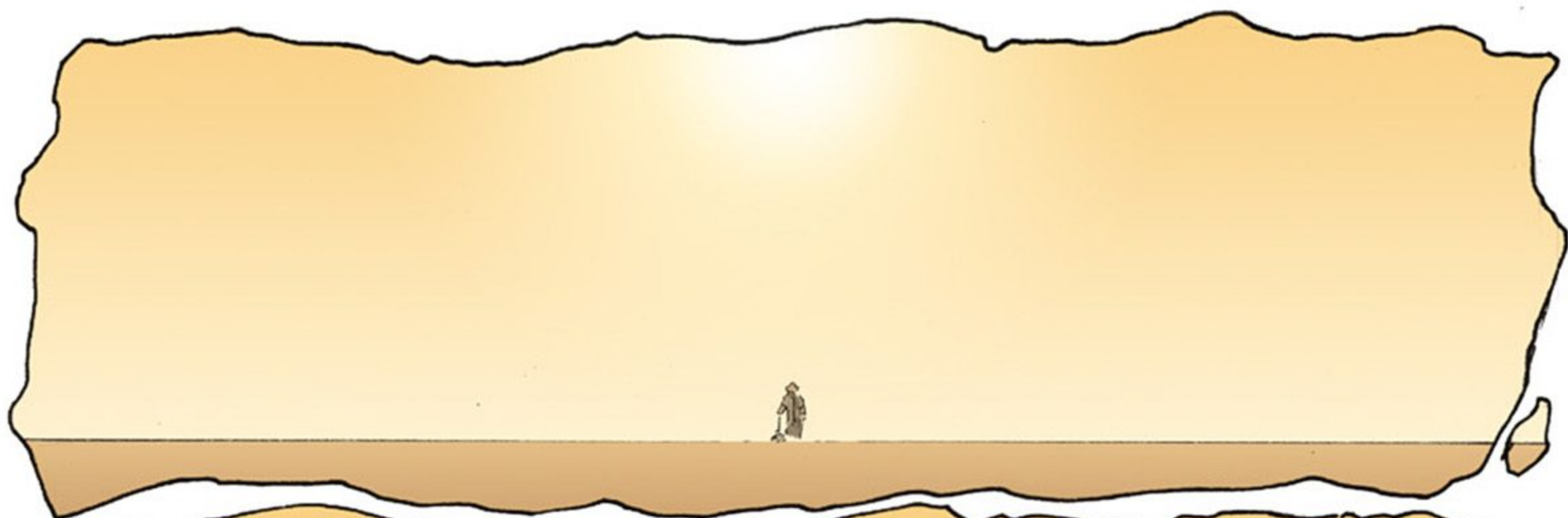
"YONDER" I CAN HANDLE.

GOOD. THEN YOU SHOULD BE FINE HERE...



A HUNDRED
YEARS EARLIER.
GIVE OR TAKE.







FOR A MAN
WHO NO LONGER
REQUIRES PHYSICAL
SUSTENANCE...



...LISTEN,
I WASN'T A
SAINT -- I'LL
GIVE YOU
THAT.

BUT I TRIED
NOT TO SHOOT
ANYONE THAT DIDN'T
DESERVE IT, EVEN IF
IT DIDN'T ALWAYS
WORK OUT
THAT WAY.



I DON'T
KNOW HOW YOU
TALLY THE SCORE,
BUT I SHOULD AT
LEAST GET SOME
CREDIT FOR
TRYING.



GET IN.

I WENT
BEFORE WE
LEFT.

I AM
NOT ASKING
YOU.

SO. SPENDING
ETERNITY IN THE
CRAPPER WITH
YOU TWO.

FIGURED I
MIGHT END UP
GOING TO HELL
EVENTUALLY, BUT
THIS ISN'T AT
ALL WHAT I
PICTURED.

IT'S
WORSE.

HELL?
NO, ROY
PULSIPHER--
THIS IS NOT
DAMNATION...







IF ONLY I HAD AN ARMY OF MEN LIKE YOU. INSTEAD, I'M SURROUNDED BY THESE SOFT DOGS. CRAVENS WHO HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING "BY THE BOOK."

I NEVER NEEDED A BOOK!

THE GOOD BOOK.



THAT IS NOT WHY WE BROUGHT YOU HERE, ROY PULSIPHER. WE NEED YOUR HELP.

AS I SAID, WE ENSURE THE DEAD MOVE ON TO THE AFTERLIFE, CATCHING THE OVERFLOW. LATELY, HOWEVER... THERE HAS NOT BEEN ANY OVERFLOW.

THERE HAVE BEEN NO STRAY SOULS TO CHASE DOWN. WE NEED TO KNOW WHY.



YOU SURE IT ISN'T JUST Y'ALL SUDDENLY BEING *REALLY* GOOD AT YOUR JOBS?

OVER THE LAST CENTURY MORE SOULS HAVE BEEN RECORDED ENTERING THE LIVING WORLD THAN LEAVING IT. THEY'RE GOING *SOMEWHERE*.

WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ME?



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A MINING TOWN CALLED **BLACK POOL**?

NEVER HEARD OF IT. SHOULD I HAVE?

YOU MAY HAVE *DIED* THERE. IS THAT REASON ENOUGH?



WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

LIKE I SAID--WE'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU FOR A WHILE. TWO WEEKS AGO YOU AND YOUR PARTNER, **HOYT STENSON**, WENT UP INTO **BLACK POOL**.



YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ALIVE.



THIS IS NOT THE FIRST STRANGE INCIDENT WE HAVE NOTICED IN **BLACK POOL**. A DARK EVIL RESIDES THERE.

WHY NOT LOAD UP A POSSE WITH SOME HOLY WATER OR WHATEVER YOU USE--SEND 'EM TO CLEAN THE PLACE OUT?

WE HAVE TRIED THIS. NO ONE WE SENT HAS EVER RETURNED.



"...A FEW PAPERS
TO SIGN.



"YOU'LL BE ISSUED
A NEW FIREARM...



"...AND GIVEN
A BADGE.
THEN YOU'RE
ALL SET."

OUCH!
DAMMIT!



BRANDED
LIKE A GODDAMN
STEER.

"YOUR ONE-HUNDRED-
YEAR TERM OF SERVICE
STARTS TODAY.

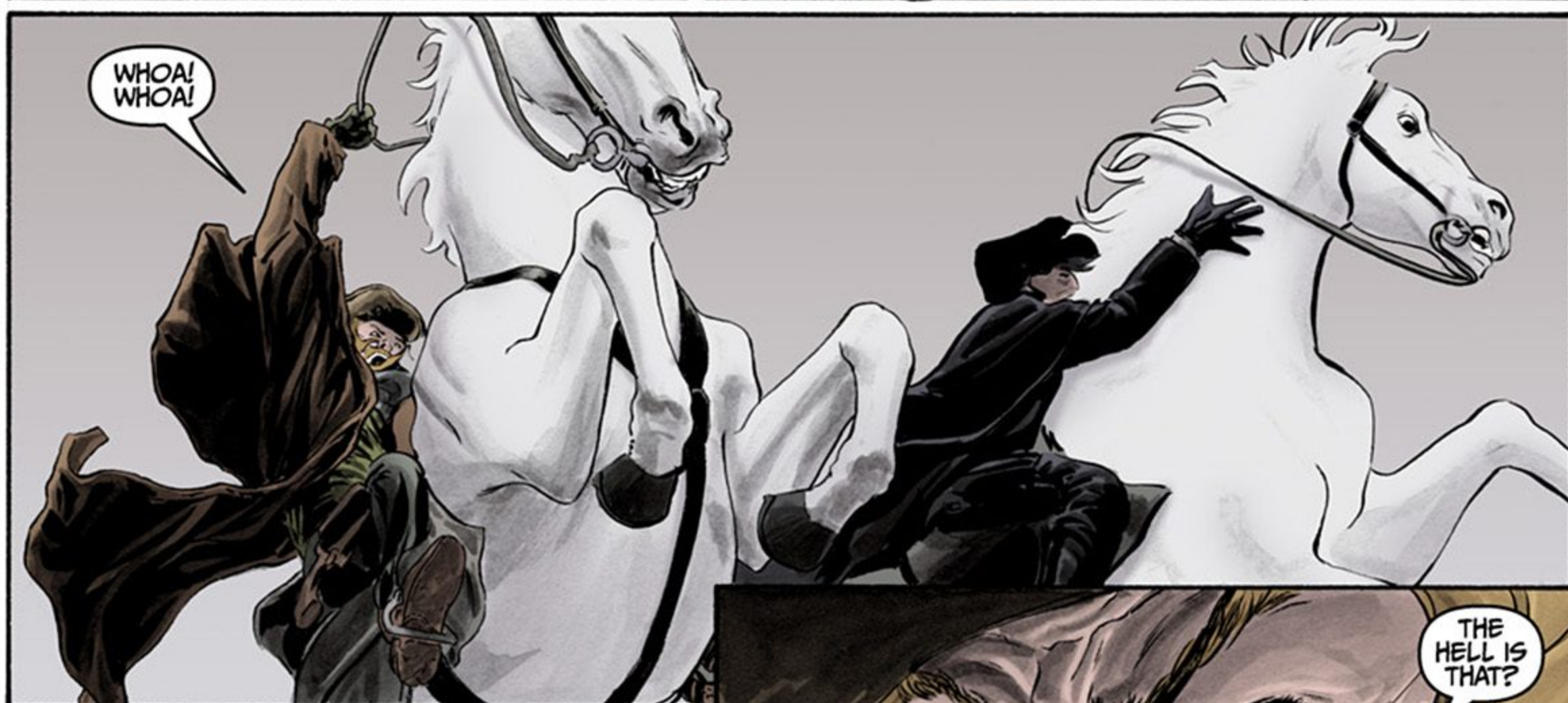
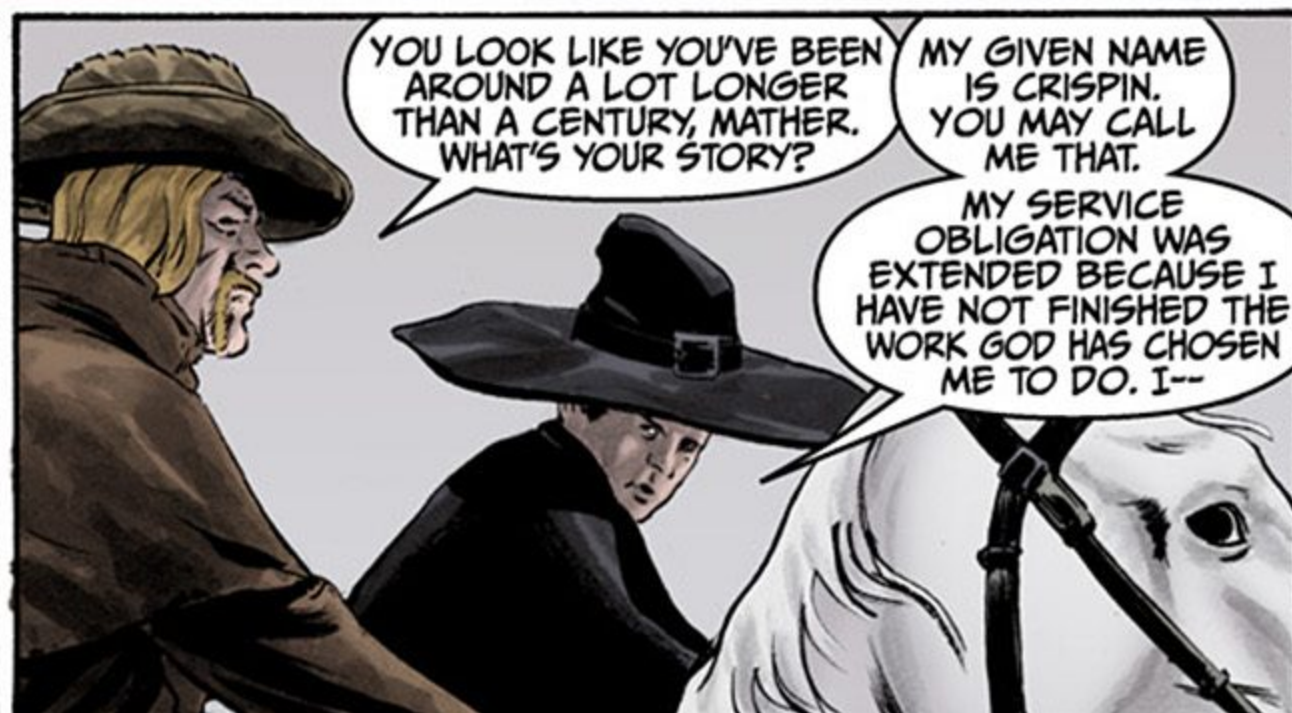


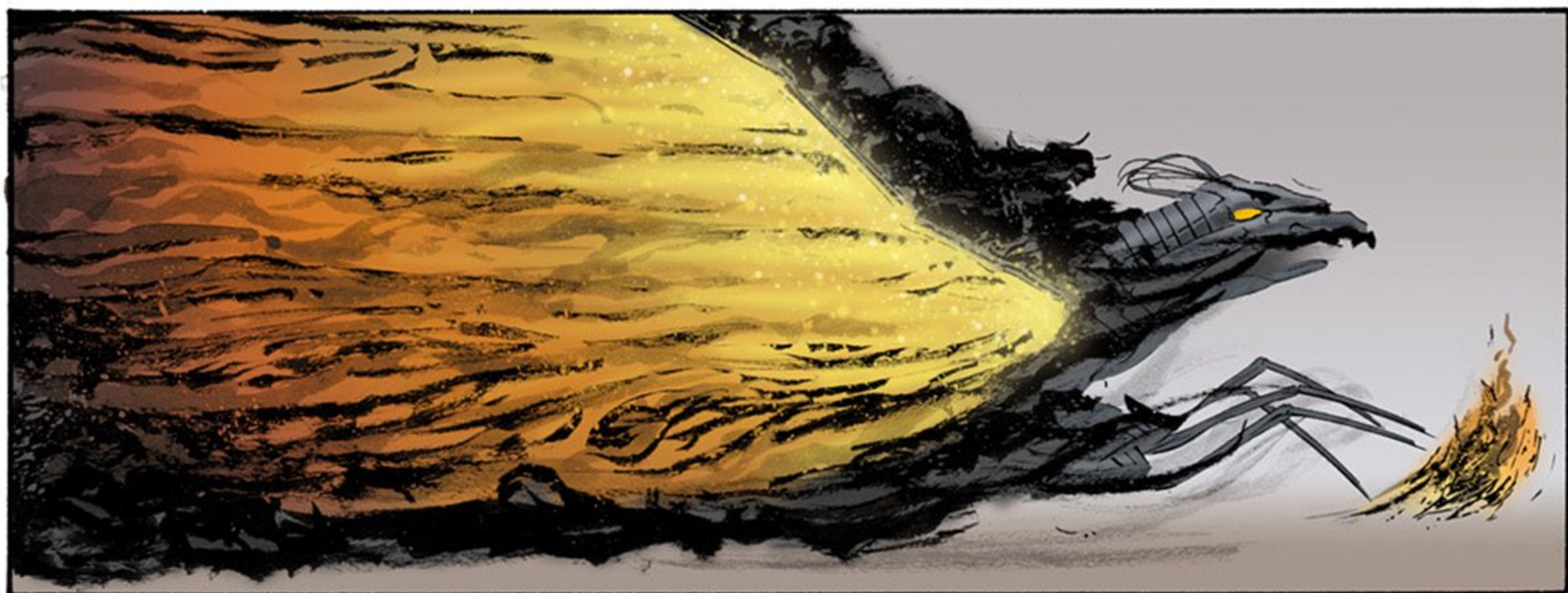
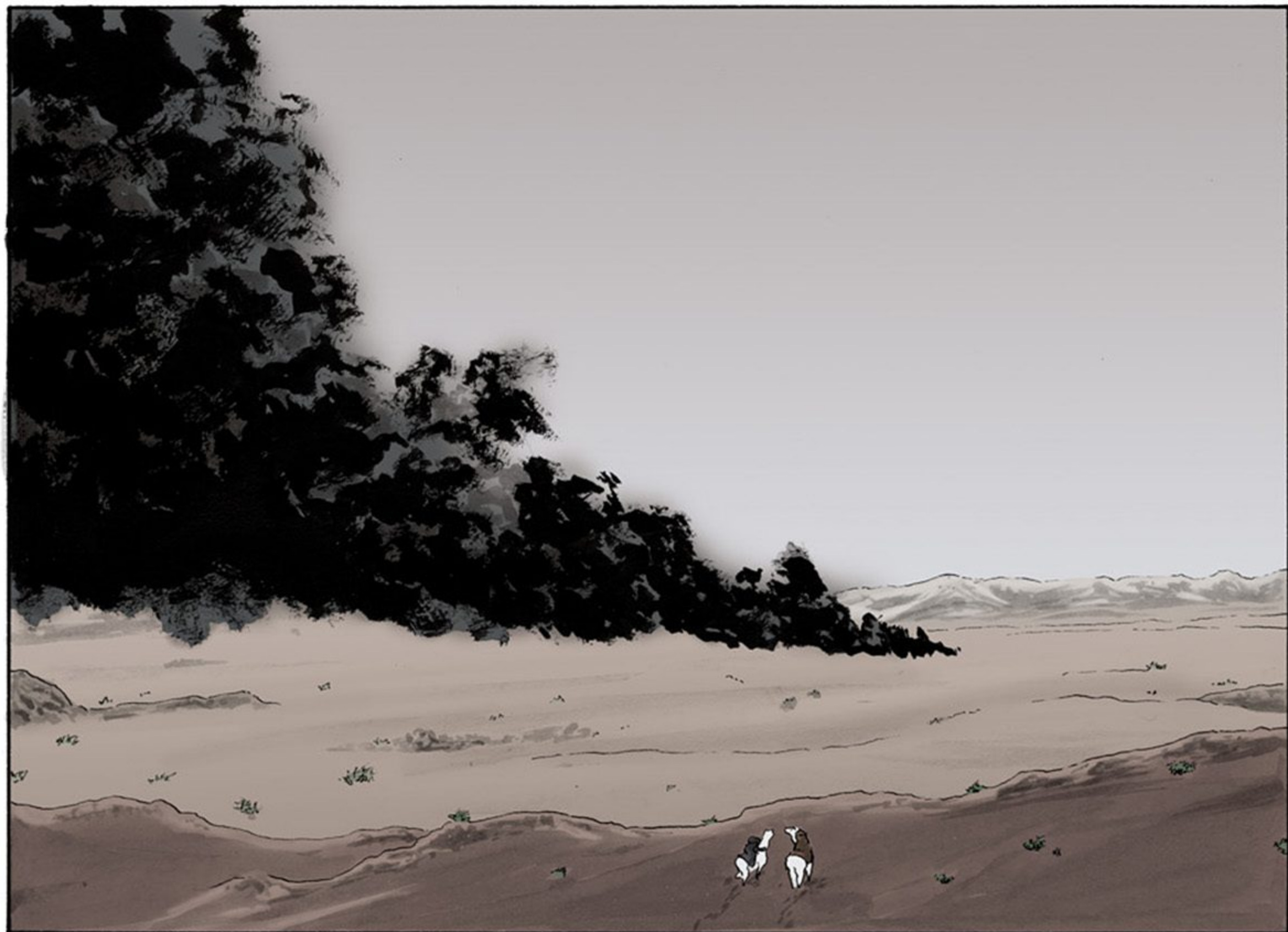
"WELCOME TO
THE R.I.P.D."

A
HUNDRED
YEARS?

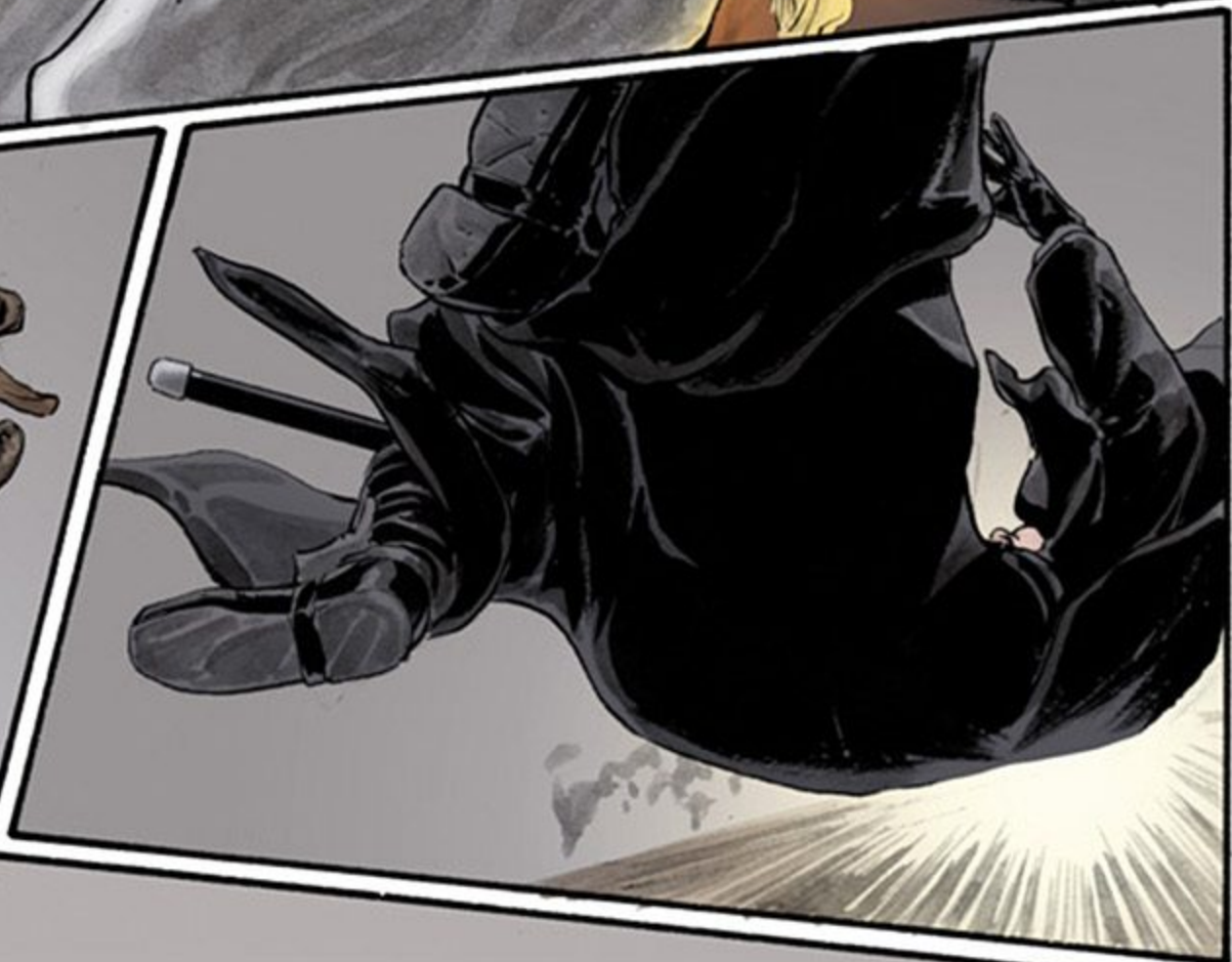
YOU
COULD'VE
MENTIONED
THAT BEFORE
I SIGNED THE
CONTRACT.

YOU
COULD HAVE
READ THE
CONTRACT
BEFORE YOU
SIGNED IT.













SSHHHFFF

--WHOOF!



WHUDD





LITTLE
R.I.P.D.
MEN.

THEY KEEP
SENDING YOU
OUT HERE.

HOW MANY
MORE OF YOU HAVE TO BE
DESTROYED BEFORE YOU
GET THE MESSAGE?

TO BE CONTINUED...

DEAD LETTER DEPARTMENT

Write to us at: R.I.P.D., c/o Dark Horse Comics, 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222

E-mail us at: ripd@darkhorse.com



There's something sinister living underneath the town of Black Pool, a mysterious boomtown in the Rockies—Roy and Crispin investigate in *R.I.P.D.: City of the Damned* #2, in stores December 19, 2012!



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